

## The Store That Saves You Money

Close Daily 6 P.M.

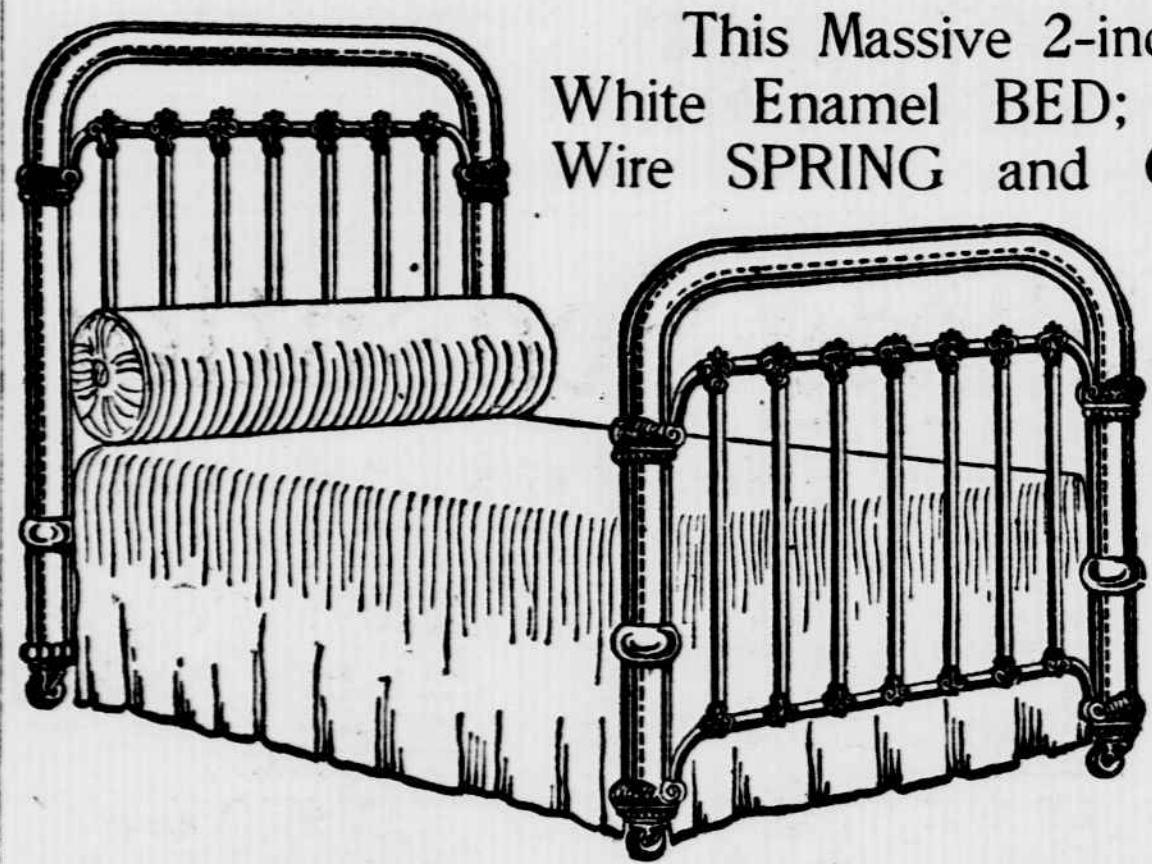
LIBERAL CREDIT

Saturday at 9 P.M.

## Underselling Desirable Furniture!

This big stock of Furniture is made up of the very best grades produced by the foremost manufacturers. Our prices are genuine underselling prices and our liberal Credit Terms permit you to pay in the easiest and most convenient way.

## Three Pieces for the Price of One!



This Massive 2-inch Post Porcelain White Enamel BED; genuine Woven Wire SPRING and Cotton-top MATTRESS, all for

**\$14.75.**

Very massive Bed; 2-inch continuous post construction; beautiful porcelain white enamel finish; also one Genuine Woven-wire Spring and a Soft, Comfortable Cotton-top Mattress—all for \$14.75.

## Genuine Mahogany Bedroom Pieces.



This \$95 Dresser for **\$69.50.**

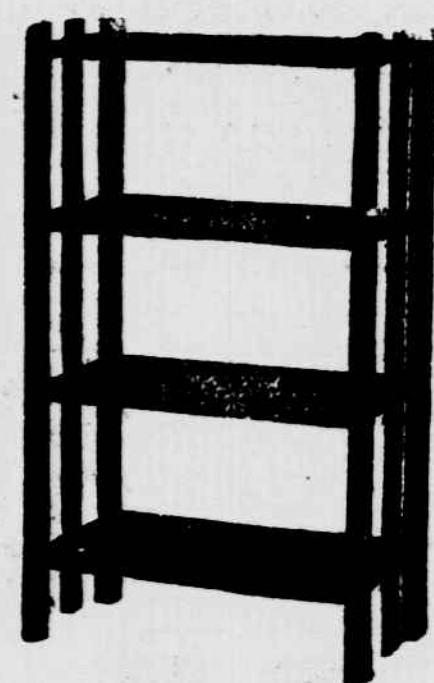
\$80 Chiffonier to Match for **\$58.50.**

Two very rich colonial pieces. Both Dresser and Chiffonier are of genuine mahogany in dull wax finish; they have extra large French plate mirrors; dust-proof drawer construction. Unusual values for the money.



This \$5 Imperial Oak Rocker, **\$2.45**

Very Large Imperial Quartered Oak Rocker, with saddle seat, French curved arms, and shaped panel back. Strongly braced and comfortable swinging.

THIS \$2 EARLY ENGLISH MAGAZINE OR BOOK RACK, **98c.**

Just what you need for magazines and books. Well made and strongly braced; finished in early English.

## Hub Furniture Co.

Southeast Corner Seventh and D Sts. N.W.

## A MAN'S MAN

BY

IAN HAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE RIGHT STUFF."

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## CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

It was 5 o'clock in the morning. The bed had played its part, and Hughie, followed by "God Save the King," followed by "John Peel," once more, followed by "God Save the King" again, and the musicians were now putting away their instruments with an air of finality which indicated that in the morning the Midfield hunt had had its money's worth.

The Manors party, all twelve of them, were being scientifically packed into an omnibus constructed to seat ten uncomfortably, and Joan was waiting her turn in the porch. At this moment Sylvia Tarrant, followed by a slightly sheepish brother, came down the steps. Her cheeks were excessively pink and her eyes blazed. She saw Joan and stopped.

"I was afraid I was going to miss you," she said. "Good-night!"

"Good-night," said Joan.

The little girl—she was a head shorter than Joan—placed her hands upon her new friend's shoulders and stood on tiptoe.

"I should like to kiss you," she said, shyly.

"Oh, my dear!" said Joan, quite flustered. "Of course—if you like. There!"

She was usually silent all the way home, and when they reached Manors said good-night to Mrs. Leroy and flitted upstairs to her room. The rest of the party dispersed ten minutes later, and Hughie was left alone with his host and hostess.

"I have never known that child have a headache before," said Mrs. Leroy, rather anxiously, as Hughie lighted her candle. "I hope there's nothing wrong."

"She's as right as rain," said Hughie. "She gave up all her partners—every man Jack of them—mean—I'm sorry—I don't think she meant me to tell—"

"You may as well finish now," said Mrs. Leroy, composedly.

Hughie did so. Mrs. Leroy nodded.

"It was like her," she said, softly. "Specially telling you to keep quiet about it. A good many women might have given up their dances, but very few could have resisted the temptation to make capital out of their generosity. Never tell me again, miserable creature, she continued, turning suddenly upon her comatose spouse, "that a woman is incapable of doing a good turn to another woman!"

"Certainly, my dear," replied Capt. Leroy, making a desperate effort to close his mouth and open his eyes.

"But, of course," broke in Hughie, unexpectedly, "there are precious few women like Joan."

Then he bit his lip and turned a dusky red.

Mrs. Leroy, being a woman, took no outward notice, but her husband, who was a plain creature, turned and regarded his guest with undisguised interest.

"What ho!" he remarked, wagging his sleepy head.

"Good night, old man!" said Hughie, hurriedly.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## Business Only.

Next morning Hughie made Miss Joan Gaymer a proposal of marriage.

It was not an impressive effort—very few proposals are. But a performance of this kind may miss the mark as a spectacle and yet, by the indulgence of the principal spectator, achieve its end. Even thus Hughie failed, and for various reasons.

In the first place, he proposed directly after breakfast, as Joey pathetically observed to Mrs. Leroy long afterwards, was just the sort of brutal thing he would do. A woman, especially if she be young, likes to be won, or at any rate wooed, in a certain style. A secluded spot, subdued light, maybe a moon; if possible, distant music—all these things tend to stamp the effect of the thing. Hughie had paid a little more attention to the study of the subject, and he fondly imagined that the point of the thing was to make a little knowledge that to a young girl romance and courtship make up one great and glorious vista, filling the eye and occupying the entire landscape, while marriage is a small black cloud on the distant horizon.

His actual method of procedure was to sit heavily down beside his ward as she sipped the morning sun in a corner of the lawn, and say:

"Joey, I want to talk to you—on business."

"All right, warder," replied Miss Gaymer, meekly; "fire away!"

"I suppose you know," said Hughie, a little dashed, "that your affairs have been left in my hands?"

"I do, worse luck!" said Miss Gaymer, frankly. "And that reminds me, Hughie, dear, I should like a little on account. You won't refuse poor Joey, will you?"

She squeezed her guardian's arm in a manner which a Frenchman would have described as *tres caline*.

"I think I had better put you on an allowance," said Hughie.

"Oh, you ripper!" how much?

"Can't say," replied Hughie, "until I've been up to town and seen the bankers."

"When are you going?"

"Tomorrow, if you see, your money is in two parts, so to speak. One lot is tied up in such a way that it can't be touched until poor Uncle Jimmy's death is actually proved."

Joan's blue-gray eyes were troubled.

"I still like to think so," said Hughie, who shook his head. "Not much."

"And that reminds me, Hughie, dear, I should like a little on account. You won't refuse poor Joey, will you?"

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